



English Toolkit: Indicator 3.1.3

Student Handout: English: Indicator 3.1.3

Goal 3.0 Controlling Language

Expectation 3.1 The student will demonstrate understanding of the nature and structure of language, including grammar concepts and skills, to strengthen control of oral and written language.

Indicator 3.1.3 The student will determine grammatical classification of words by using meaning, position, form, and function.

Assessment Limits:

Using the position and form to determine the function or classification of words and phrases

- subjects and objects: noun, pronoun, gerund, infinitive, appositive, simple, compound
- predicates: verb, verb phrase, simple, compound
- modifiers: adjective (including pronouns used as adjectives), adverb, prepositional phrase, participle, infinitive, article
- conjunctions: coordinating, subordinating, correlative, and conjunctive adverbs

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English Indicator 3.1.3

Read the poem "[The Gift](#)." Then answer the following item.

Read the following lines from the poem.

And I recall his hands,
two measures of tenderness
he laid against my face,

In these lines, the word *measures* is used as a

- A. noun
- B. verb
- C. modifier
- D. conjunction

Correct Answer

- A. noun

Item

Read the poem "[The Gift](#)." Then answer the following item.

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Handouts

The Gift

by Li-Young Lee

To pull the metal splinter from my palm my father recited a story in a low voice. I watched his lovely face and not the blade. Before the story ended, he'd removed the iron sliver I thought I'd die from.	5
I can't remember the tale, but hear his voice still, a well of dark water, a prayer. And I recall his hands, two measures of tenderness	10
he laid against my face, the flames of discipline he raised above my head. Had you entered that afternoon you would have thought you saw a man	15
planting something in a boy's palm, a silver tear, a tiny flame. Had you followed that boy you would have arrived here, where I bend over my wife's right hand.	20
Look how I shave her thumbnail down so carefully she feels no pain. Watch as I lift the splinter out. I was seven when my father took my hand like this,	25
and I did not hold that shard between my fingers and think, <i>Metal that will bury me,</i> christen it Little Assassin, Ore Going Deep for My Heart.	30
And I did not lift up my wound and cry, <i>Death visited here!</i> I did what a child does when he's given something to keep. I kissed my father.	35

"The Gift" by Li-Young Lee, from *Rose*. Copyright © 1986 by Li-Young Lee. Used with the permission of BOA Editions, LTD.